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Review of New Books.

Table Talk; or, Original Essays. By William Hazlitt. 8vo. pp. 400. London, 1821.

LET the world say what it will of Mr. Hazlitt,—and it has almost said as severe things of him as he has done of it,—he is a clever writer. Notwithstanding his strong prejudices, his eccentricity, his egotism, and his pedantry, there is a great deal of originality about him, and he has an honest bluntness, which calls things by their right names. This is observable in all his writings, whether they are on plays or politics, poetry or painting; and all these are favourite subjects with him, which he has often treated with great ability.

Although we deem 'Table Talk' a very incorrect title for 'Original Essays,' yet we will not quarrel with the author on this account, conscious that table talk is seldom half so interesting or instructive as a page or two of this volume. To us it appears, that if this work is not one of Mr. Hazlitt's best productions, it is one of the least exceptionable. There is less of politics in it, and even his prejudices and personalities are not so acrimonious as formerly. In acuteness of remark, and terseness of expression, these essays are equal to any of the author's former works.

The volume contains sixteen essays on the following subjects:—On the Pleasure of Painting—On the Past and Future—On Genius and Common Sense—Character of Cobbett—On People with one Idea—On the Ignorance of the Learned—The Indian Jugglers—On Living to One's self—On Thought and Action—Will-making—On certain Inconsistencies in Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses—On Paradox and Common Place,—and on Vulgarly and Affectation.

The essays 'On the Pleasure of Painting' and 'On the Ignorance of the Learned,' have already appeared in periodical publications; we shall, therefore, pass them over, to notice some of

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those which make their first appearance before the public in the present volume. In the 'Essay on the Past and the Future,' Mr. Hazlitt sets out with declaring he conceives that 'the past is as real and substantial a part of our being, that it is as much a *bona fide* undeniable consideration in the estimate of human life, as the future can possibly be;' and that, 'neither in itself, nor as a subject of general contemplation, has the future any advantage over the past.' With respect, however, to our grosser passions and pursuits, he admits that it has. He says,—

'As far as regards the appeal to the understanding or the imagination, the past is just as good, as real, of as much intrinsic and ostensible value as the future; but there is another principle in the human mind, the principle of action or will; and of this the past has no hold, the future engrosses it entirely to itself. It is this strong lever of the affections that gives so powerful a bias to our sentiments on this subject, and violently transposes the natural order of our associations. We regret the pleasures we have lost, and eagerly anticipate those which are to come; we dwell with satisfaction on the evils from which we have escaped, (*post-hac meministe iuvabit*;) and dread future pain. The good that is passed is in this sense like money that is spent, which is of no further use, and about which we give ourselves little concern. The good we expect is like a store yet untouched, and in the enjoyment of which we promise ourselves infinite gratification. What has happened to us we think of no consequence; what is to happen to us, of the greatest. Why so? Simply because the one is still in our power, and the other not—because the efforts of the will to bring any object to pass, or to prevent it, strengthen our attachment or aversion to that object—because the pains and attention bestowed upon any thing, add to our interest in it, and because the habitual and earnest pursuit of any end redoubles the ardour of our expectations, and converts the speculative and indolent satisfaction we might otherwise feel in it, into real passion.'

In the essay on 'Genius and Common Sense,' there is a great deal of acute reasoning and smartness of observation, tending to establish what Madame de Stael has said in a very

few words; namely, that 'genius is nothing more than good sense intent upon new ideas;' or, as he himself expresses it, 'some strong quality in the mind, answering to and bringing out some new and striking quality in nature.' In this essay, Mr. Hazlitt gives a singular character of Mr. Wordsworth, whom he declares to be 'the greatest, that is the most original, poet of the present day, only because he is the greatest egotist.' This conclusion does not by any means satisfy us, and we can never consider egotism as a test or even a mark of genius or originality. Were this the case, our author's friend, Mr. Leigh Hunt, would be at once deemed the most original prose writer of the present day, Mr. Hazlitt himself not even excepted. In the distinction which our author draws between capacity and genius, we perfectly agree with him. He says,—

'Capacity is not the same thing as genius. Capacity may be described to relate to the quantity of knowledge, however acquired; genius to its quality and the mode of acquiring it. Capacity is a power over given ideas or combinations of ideas; genius is the power over those which are not given, and for which no obvious or precise rule can be laid down. Our capacity is power of any sort; genius is power of a different sort from what has yet been shown. A retentive memory, a clear understanding is capacity, but it is not genius; the admirable Crichton was a person of prodigious capacity; but there is no proof (that I know) that he had an atom of genius. His verses that remain are dull and sterile. He could learn all that was known of any subject; he could do any thing if others could show him the way to do it. This was very wonderful, but this is all you can say of it. It requires a good capacity to play well at chess; but, after all, it is a game of skill, and not of genius. Know what you will of it, the understanding still moves in certain tracts in which others have trod before it, quicker or slower, with more or less comprehension and presence of mind. The greatest skill strikes out nothing for itself, from its own peculiar resources; the nature of the game is a thing determined and fixed; there is no royal or poetical road to checkmate your adversary. There is no place for genius but in the indefinite and un-

known. The discovery of the binomial theorem was an effort of genius; but there was none shown in Jedediah Buxton's being able to multiply nine figures by nine in his head. If he could have multiplied ninety figures by ninety, instead of nine, it would have been equally useless toil and trouble. He is a man of capacity who possesses considerable intellectual riches; he is a man of genius who finds out a vein of new ore. Originality is the seeing nature differently from others, and yet as it is in itself. It is not singularity or affectation, but the discovery of new and valuable truth.

The sixth Essay is on the character of Cobbett, in which that versatile and unprincipled, but powerful writer, is painted to the life. The essay is much too long for insertion, and we must, therefore, content ourselves with a few extracts. Speaking of Cobbett, our author says,—

'He has been compared to Paine; and so far it is true there are no two writers who come more into juxtaposition from the nature of their subjects, from the internal resources on which they draw, and from the popular effect of their writings and their adaptation, (though that is a bad word in the present case,) to the capacity of every reader. But still, if we turn to a volume of Paine's, (his *Common Sense* or *Rights of Man*,) we are struck, (not to say somewhat refreshed,) by the difference. Paine is a much more sententious writer than Cobbett. You cannot open a page in any of his best and earlier works, without meeting with some maxim, some antithetical and memorable saying, which is a sort of starting-place for the argument, and the goal to which it returns. There is not a single *bon mot*, a single sentence in Cobbett, that has ever been quoted again. If any thing is ever quoted from him, it is an epithet of abuse, or a nickname. He is an excellent hand at invention in that way, and has "damnable iteration in him." What could be better than his pestering Erskine year after year with his second title of Baron Clackmannan? He is rather too fond of the *sons and daughters of Corruption*. Paine affected to reduce things to first principles, to announce self-evident truths. Cobbett troubles himself about little but the details and local circumstances. The first appeared to have made up his mind beforehand to certain opinions, and to try to find the most compendious and pointed expressions for them; his successor appears to have no clue, no fixed or leading principles, nor ever to have thought on a question till he sits down to write about it; but then there seems no end of his matters of fact and raw materials, which are brought out in all their strength and sharpness, from not having been squared or frittered down, or vamped up to suit a theory—he goes on with his descriptions and illustrations as if he would never come to a stop; they have all the force of

novelty with all the familiarity of old acquaintance; his knowledge grows out of the subject, and his style is that of a man who has an absolute intuition of what he is talking about, and never thinks of any thing else. He deals in premises and speaks to evidence—the coming to a conclusion and summing up, (which was Paine's *forte*) lies in a smaller compass. The one could not compose an elementary treatise on politics, to become a manual for the popular reader; nor could the other, in all probability, have kept up a weekly journal for the same number of years, with the same spirit, interest, and untired perseverance. Paine's writings are a sort of introduction to political arithmetic on a new plan; Cobbett keeps a day-book, and makes an entry at full of all the occurrences and troublesome questions that start up throughout the year. Cobbett, with vast industry, vast information, and the utmost power of making what he says intelligible, never seems to get at the beginning or come to the end of any question; Paine, in a few short sentences, seems, by his peremptory manner, "to clear it from all controversy, past, present, and to come." Paine takes a bird's-eye view of things. Cobbett sticks close to them, inspects the component parts, and keeps fast hold of the smallest advantages they afford him. Or, if I might here be indulged in a pastoral allusion, Paine tries to enclose his ideas in a fold for security and repose; Cobbett lets his pour out upon the plain like a flock of sheep, to feed and batten. Cobbett is a pleasanter writer for those to read who do not agree with him; for he is less dogmatical, goes more into the common grounds of fact and argument to which all appeal, is more desultory and various, and appears less to be driving at a previous conclusion than urged on by the force of present conviction. He is, therefore, tolerated by all parties, though he has made himself by turns obnoxious to all; and even those he abuses read him. The reformers read him when he was a tory, and the tories read him now that he is a reformer. He must, I think, however, be *caviare* to the whigs.'

'As a political partisan, no one can stand against him. With his brandished club, like Giant Despair, in the Pilgrim's Progress, he knocks out their brains; and not only no individual, but no corrupt system could hold out against his powerful and repeated attacks; but with the same weapon, swung round like a flail, that he levels his antagonists, he lays his friends low, and puts his own party *hors de combat*. This is a bad propensity, and a worse principle in political tactics, though a common one. If his blows were straight forward and steadily directed to the same object, no unpopular minister could live before him; instead of which he lays about right and left, impartially and remorselessly, makes a clear stage, has all the ring to himself, and then runs out of it, just when he should

stand his ground. He throws his head into his adversary's stomach, and takes away from him all inclination for the fight, hits fair or foul, strikes at every thing, and as you come up to his aid or stand ready to pursue his advantage, trips up your heels or lays you sprawling, and pummels you when down as much to his heart's content as ever the Yanguesian carriers belaboured Rosinante with their pack-staves. "*He has the back-trick simply the best of any man in Illyria.*" He pays off both scores of old friendship and new-acquired enmity in a breath, in one perpetual volley, one raking fire of "arrowy sleet" shot from his pen. However his own reputation or the cause may suffer in consequence, he cares not one pin about that, so that he disables all who oppose, or who pretend to help him. In fact, he cannot bear success of any kind, not even of his own views or party; and if any principle were likely to become popular, would turn round against it to shew his power in shouldering it on one side. In short, wherever power is, there is he against it: he naturally butts at all obstacles, as unicorns are attracted to oak-trees, and feels his own strength only by resistance to the opinions and wishes of the rest of the world. To sail with the stream, to agree with the company, is not his humour. If he could bring about a reform in parliament, the odds are, that he would instantly fall foul of and try to mar his own handy-work; and he quarrels with his own creatures as soon as he has written them into a little vogue—and a prison. I do not think this is vanity or fickleness so much as a pugnacious disposition, that must have an antagonist power to contend with, and only finds itself at ease in systematic opposition. If it were not for this, the high towers and rotten places of the world would fall before the battering-ram of his hard-headed reasoning: but if he once found them tottering, he would apply his strength to prop them up, and disappoint the expectations of his followers. He cannot agree to any thing established, nor to set up any thing else in its stead. While it is established, he presses hard against it, because it presses upon him, at least in imagination. Let it crumble under his grasp, and the motive to resistance is gone. He then requires some other grievance to set his face against. His principle is repulsion, his nature contradiction: he is made up of mere antipathies, an Ishmaelite, indeed, without a fellow. He is always playing at *hunt-the-slipper* in politics. He turns round upon whoever is next him. The way to wean him from any opinion, and make him conceive an intolerable hatred against it, would be to place somebody near him who was perpetually dinning it in his ears. When he is in England, he does nothing but abuse the boroughmongers, and laugh at the whole system: when he is in America, he grows impatient of freedom and a republic. If he had staid there a little longer, he would

have become a loyal and a loving subject of his Majesty King George IV. He lampooned the French revolution when it was hailed as the dawn of liberty by millions: by the time it was brought into almost universal ill-odour by some means or other (partly, no doubt, by himself) he had turned, with one, or two, or three others, staunch Buonapartist.

Mr. Hazlitt, with an evident partiality for Cobbett, says, that he is 'a very honest man, with a total want of principle.' We leave our readers to reconcile this contradiction, for Mr. Hazlitt's solution of the 'paradox,' which he admits it to be, is by no means satisfactory.

The next essay is 'on People with one Idea,' and to prove that there are really such beings in the world, Mr. Hazlitt names three well known characters, Major Cartwright, Alderman Wood, and Mr. Owen. He commences with the Major:—

'There is Major C——: he has but one idea or subject of discourse, Parliamentary Reform. Now, Parliamentary Reform is (as far as I know) a very good thing, a very good idea, and a very good subject to talk about: but why should it be the only one? To hear the worthy and gallant Major resume his favourite topic, is like law-business, or a person who has a suit in Chancery going on. Nothing can be attended to, nothing can be talked of but that. Now it is getting on, now again it is standing still; at one time the master has promised to pass judgment by a certain day, at another he has put it off again and called for more papers, and both are equally reasons for speaking of it. Like the piece of pack-thread in the barrister's hands, he turns and twists it all ways, and cannot proceed a step without it. Some school-boys cannot read but in their own book: and the man of one idea cannot converse out of his own subject. Conversation it is not; but a sort of recital of the preamble of a bill, or a collection of grave arguments for a man's being of opinion with himself. It would be well if there was any thing of character, of eccentricity in all this; but that is not the case. It is a political homily personified, a walking common-place we have to encounter and listen to. It is just as if a man was to insist on your hearing him go through the fifth chapter of the Book of Judges every time you meet, or like the story of the Cosmogony, in the Vicar of Wakefield. It is a tune played on a barrel-organ. It is a common vehicle of discourse into which they get and are set down when they please, without any pains or trouble to themselves. Neither is it professional pedantry or trading quackery: it has no excuse. The man has no more to do with the question which he saddles on all his hearers than you have. This is what makes the matter hopeless. If a farmer talks to you about his pigs or

his poultry, or a physician about his patients, or a lawyer about his briefs, or a merchant about stock, or an author about himself, you know how to account for this; it is a common infirmity, you have a laugh at his expense, and there is no more to be said. But here is a man who goes out of his way to be absurd, and is troublesome by a romantic effort of generosity. You cannot say to him, "All this may be interesting to you, but I have no concern in it:" you cannot put him off in that way. He retorts the Latin adage upon you—*Nihil humani a me alienum puto*. He has got possession of a subject which is of universal and paramount interest (not "a fee-grief, due to some single breast")—and on that plea may hold you by the button as long as he chooses. His delight is to harangue on what nowise regards himself: how then can you refuse to listen to what as little amuses you? Time and tide wait for no man. The business of the state admits of no delay. The question of Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments stand first on the order of the day—takes precedence in its own right of every other question. Any other topic, grave or gay, is looked upon in the light of impertinence, and sent to *Coventry*.'

Alderman Wood gets off easily; the author only supposing that he has 'talked of nothing but the queen, in all companies, for the last six months. Happy Alderman Wood!' The enthusiastic but benevolent Apostle of New Lanark, is painted with great truth; and, with his portrait, we must close for the present—

'Mr. Owen is a man remarkable for one idea. It is that of himself and the Lanark cotton-mills. He carries this idea backwards and forwards with him from Glasgow to London, without allowing any thing for attrition, and expects to find it in the same state of purity and perfection in the latter place as at the former. He acquires a wonderful velocity and impenetrability in his undaunted transit. Resistance to him is vain, while the whirling motion of the mail-coach remains in his head.

"Nor Alps nor Apennines can keep him out, Nor fortified redoubt."

'He even got possession, in the suddenness of his onset, of the steam engine of the Times newspaper, and struck off ten thousand wood-cuts of the Projected Villages, which afforded an ocular demonstration to all who saw them of the practicability of Mr. Owen's whole scheme. He comes into a room with one of these documents in his hand, with the air of a schoolmaster and a quack-doctor mixed, asks very kindly how you do, and on hearing you are still in an indifferent state of health owing to bad digestion, instantly turns round, and observes, "that all that will be remedied in his plan: that, indeed, he thinks too much attention has been paid to the mind, and not enough to

the body; that, in his system, which he has now perfected, and which will shortly be generally adopted, he has provided effectually for both: that he has been long of opinion, that the mind depends altogether on the physical organization, and where the latter is neglected or disordered, the former must languish and want its due vigour: that exercise is, therefore, a part of his system, with full liberty to develop every faculty of mind and body: that two objections had been made to his New View of Society, viz. its want of relaxation from labour, and its want of variety; but the first of these, the too great restraint, he trusted he had already answered, for where the powers of mind and body were freely exercised and brought out, surely liberty must be allowed to exist in the highest degree; and, as to the second, the monotony which would be produced by a regular and general plan of co-operation, he conceived he had proved in his 'New View' and 'Addresses to the higher Classes,' that the co-operation he had recommended was necessarily conducive to the most extensive improvement of the ideas and faculties, and where this was the case, there must be the greatest possible variety instead of a want of it." And, having said this, this expert and sweeping orator takes up his hat and walks down stairs after reading his lecture of truisms like a play-bill or an apothecary's advertisement; and, should you stop him at the door, to say, by way of putting in a word in common, that Mr. Southey seems somewhat favourable to his plan, in his late letter to Mr. William Smith, he looks at you with a smile of pity at the futility of all opposition and the idleness of all encouragement. People who thus swell out some vapid scheme of their own into undue importance, seem to me to labour under water in the head—to exhibit a huge hydrocephalus! They may be very worthy people for all that, but they are bad companions and very indifferent reasoners. Tom Moore says, of some one somewhere, "That he puts his hand in his breeches' pocket, like a crocodile." The phrase is hieroglyphical: but Mr. Owen and others might be said to put their foot in the question of social improvement and reform much in the same unaccountable manner.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

Memoirs from 1754 to 1758. By James Earl Waldegrave, K. G. one of his Majesty's Privy Council, in the reign of George II. and Governor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George III. 4to. pp. 174. London, 1821.

THERE are many subjects to which we are more partial than the secret history of courts, or the intrigues of courtiers: the latter are events of such every day occurrence, that they scarcely can be

come matter of history, especially as the truth is seldom discovered until a lapse of years has deprived them of much of their interest. This is certainly the case with the *Memoirs of the Earl Waldegrave*, now before us, which, though detailing minutely the ministerial intrigues of the day, can scarcely be expected to possess much interest after a lapse of upwards of sixty years. Such memoirs, however, if not always interesting, are frequently instructive; and the noble earl, in the conclusion of his works, adds one more to the thousand confirmations which the declaration of the wisest of men has received, that 'all is vanity and vexation of spirit.' Who can envy the dependents of a court, if the Earl Waldegrave, who was a constant favourite, was constrained to paint it as so wretched a life? In his concluding reflections, he says,—

'I have now finished my relation of all the material transactions wherein I was immediately concerned; and though I can never forget my obligations to the kindest of masters, I have been too long behind the scenes, I have had too near a view of the machinery of a court, to envy any man either the power of a minister or the favour of princes.

'The constant anxiety and frequent mortifications which accompany ministerial employments, are tolerably well understood; but the world is totally unacquainted with the situation of those whom fortune has selected to be the constant attendants and companions of royalty, who partake of its domestic amusements and social happiness.

'But I must not lift up the veil; and shall only add, that no man can have a clear conception how great personages pass their leisure hours, who has not been a prince's governor or a king's favourite.'

Although we have spoken rather slightly of works of this description, yet we are not insensible that they are of some value in enabling us to trace events to their causes, and thus are of some importance in the history of the period to which they relate. These *Memoirs* throw considerable light on the politics and the changes of administration, which occurred during the latter years of the reign of George II, and they may be depended upon for their fidelity.

From an address to the reader, we learn that Earl Waldegrave's grandfather married a daughter of James the Second, by Arabella Churchill, sister to the great Duke of Marlborough, and was created by that king a baron, but never took his seat in the House of Lords. The earl, whose work is be-

fore us, was born in March, 1714-15, and was, at an early period of life, well instructed in ancient and modern languages. Though the state of parties still rendered Catholic and Jacobite connexions (and such were those of the earl) very formidable barriers to promotion at court, yet Lord Waldegrave, gaining the personal favour of George the Second, surmounted them both very rapidly. In 1743, he was appointed a lord of the bedchamber, and, on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, he was made master of the stanneries. On the resignation or removal of the Earl of Harcourt from the office of governor to the Prince of Wales, (afterwards George III.) the king pressed the appointment on Earl Waldegrave, who accepted it with hesitation, and, during the four years that he retained the office, he neither acquired the confidence of his pupil nor succeeded in ingratiating himself with the princess dowager. New intrigues rendering a change again desirable, the earl resigned his office, and assisted the king in negotiating various new administrations at the commencement of the seven years' war. These events form the chief subject of his work, for, although he lived to the year 1763, yet he refused all appointments under the new monarch, and has not extended his *Memoirs* later than the year 1758. The work is printed from a MS. in the hand-writing of the author, which was found by his heirs after his death, and has remained ever since in the possession of the Waldegrave family. It has been evidently intended for posterity, though no injunction was left as to the mode or period of giving it to the public. The MS. had been communicated to Lord Orford, who speaks of it with great praise, in his printed correspondence, and has borrowed some remarks, and even expressions from it. The editor has given the *Memoirs* to the world as he found them. He says, 'not a syllable has been suppressed. Neither comment nor emendation have been deemed necessary.' Some marginal notes, and an appendix of original letters, principally from Mr. Fox, which elucidate some passages in the text, have been added; and these conclude the labours of the editor.

The style of the *Memoirs* is clear, plain, and perspicuous; and many of the reflections are rather those of a philosopher than of a politician or a courtier. Indeed, we think Lord Waldegrave was a very honest man, without sufficient ambition for a minister, and

wanting in the servility essential to a courtier.

The work commences with sketches of the principal political royal characters of the day, including George II, the Princess Dowager, his late venerable Majesty then Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, Earl of Bute, Lord Anson, Duke of Devonshire, Sir Thomas Robinson, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pelham, Lords Hardwick and Holderness, &c. The whole of these persons are gone to that tribunal where their characters will be more justly weighed than in the balance of public opinion, and the conduct and characters of many of them can scarcely now be deemed matters of interest. We shall, however, notice one or two of them.

George the Second is described as possessing 'a good understanding, though not of the first class;' with 'a clear insight into men and things within a certain compass.' His great attention to money was his capital failing, but he was 'always just, and sometimes charitable, though seldom generous.' 'Upon the whole,' says his lordship, 'he has some qualities of a great prince, many of a good one; none which are essentially bad.' This we consider as no mean praise in a sovereign.

The reign of our late beloved monarch was so long and memorable, and his death so recent, that we yet feel considerable interest in every thing that relates to him. We, therefore, quote Lord Waldegrave's portrait of him, written in 1758, at length. He says,—

'The Prince of Wales is entering into his 21st year, and it would be unfair to decide upon his character in the early stages of life, when there is so much time for improvement.

'His parts, though not excellent, will be found very tolerable, if ever they are properly exercised.

'He is strictly honest, but wants that frank and open behaviour which makes honesty appear amiable.

'When he had a very scanty allowance, it was one of his favourite maxims that men should be just before they are generous: his income is now very considerably augmented, but his generosity has not increased in equal proportion.

'His religion is free from all hypocrisy, but is not of the most charitable sort; he has rather too much attention to the sins of his neighbour.

'He has spirit, but not of the active kind; and does not want resolution, but it is mixed with too much obstinacy.

‘He has great command of his passions, and will seldom do wrong, except when he mistakes wrong for right; but as often as this shall happen, it will be difficult to undeceive him, because he is uncommonly indolent, and has strong prejudices.’

‘His want of application and aversion to business would be far less dangerous, was he eager in the pursuit of pleasure; for the transition from pleasure to business is both shorter and easier than from a state of total inaction.’

‘He has a kind of unhappiness in his temper, which, if it be not conquered before it has taken too deep a root, will be a source of frequent anxiety. Whenever he is displeased, his anger does not break out with heat and violence; but he becomes sullen and silent, and retires to his closet; not to compose his mind by study or contemplation, but merely to indulge the melancholy enjoyment of his own ill humour. Even when the fit is ended, unfavourable symptoms very frequently return, which indicate that on certain occasions his Royal Highness has too correct a memory.’

‘Though I have mentioned his good and bad qualities, without flattery and without aggravation, allowances should still be made, on account of his youth and his bad education: for, though the Bishop of Peterborough, now Bishop of Salisbury, the preceptor; Mr. Stone, the sub-governor; and Mr. Scott, the sub-preceptor, were men of sense, men of learning, and worthy good men, they had but little weight and influence. The mother and the nursery always prevailed.’

‘During the course of the last year, there has, indeed, been some alteration; the authority of the nursery has gradually declined, and the Earl of Bute, by the assistance of the mother, has now the intire confidence. But whether this change will be greatly to his Royal Highness’s advantage, is a nice question, which cannot hitherto be determined with any certainty.’

Of Mr. Pitt, the great Lord Chatham, Lord Waldegrave says,—

‘Mr. Pitt has the finest genius, improved by study and all the ornamental part of classical learning.’

‘He came early into the House of Commons, where he soon distinguished himself; lost a cornetcy of horse, which was then his only subsistence; and in less than twenty years has raised himself to be first minister, and the most powerful subject in this country.’

‘He has a peculiar clearness and facility of expression; and has an eye as significant as his words. He is not always a fair or conclusive reasoner, but commands the passions with sovereign authority; and to inflame or captivate a popular assembly is a consummate orator. He has courage of every sort, cool or impetuous, active or deliberate.’

‘At present he is the guide and cham-

pion of the people: whether he will long continue their friend seems somewhat doubtful. But if we may judge from his natural disposition, as it has hitherto shewn itself, his popularity and zeal for public liberty will have the same period: for he is imperious, violent, and implacable; impatient even of the slightest contradiction; and, under the mask of patriotism, has the despotic spirit of a tyrant.’

‘However, though his political sins are black and dangerous, his private character is irreproachable; he is incapable of a treacherous or ungenerous action; and in the common offices of life is justly esteemed a man of veracity and a man of honour.’

‘He mixes little in company, confining his society to a small junto of his relations, with a few obsequious friends, who consult him as an oracle, admire his superior understanding, and never presume to have an opinion of their own.’

His lordship’s character of the opposition of that day, would apply to the party at almost any period. ‘A few unbenefited patriots voted against the court; but their principle of dissatisfaction being thoroughly understood, those who had parts or activity to be dangerous, or even troublesome enemies, were soon quieted.’ The Princess of Wales was no favourite with his lordship, who hints at her so frequently imputed intimacy with the Earl of Bute. So far, however, as we may judge of her character by her conduct, we think the following portrait of her is correct:—

‘The Princess of Wales was reputed a woman of excellent sense, by those who knew her very imperfectly; but, in fact, was one of those moderate geniuses, who with much natural dissimulation, a civil address, an assenting conversation, and a few ideas of their own, can act with tolerable propriety, as long as they are conducted by wise and prudent counsellors.’

Mr. Murray, (afterwards Lord Mansfield,) is said by his lordship to have been ‘the ablest man, as well as the ablest debater in the House of Commons,’ and ‘so greatly superior to the rest of the profession, that he stood without a rival.’ We now come to his lordship’s appointment to succeed Earl Harcourt as governor to the Prince, and we cannot but admire the amiable and conciliatory conduct which he states himself to have adopted in this office:—

‘I found his Royal Highness uncommonly full of princely prejudices, contracted in the nursery, and improved by the society of bed-chamber women, and pages of the back-stairs.’

‘As a right system of education seemed quite impracticable, the best which could be hoped for was to give him true no-

tions of common things: to instruct him by conversation, rather than by books; and sometimes, under the disguise of amusement, to entice him to the pursuit of more serious studies.’

‘The next point I laboured was to preserve harmony and union in the royal family; and having free access to the closet, I had frequent opportunities of doing good offices; was a very useful apologist, whenever his Majesty was displeased with his grandson’s shyness, or want of attention; and never failed to notify even the most minute circumstance of the young prince’s behaviour which was likely to give satisfaction.’

‘On the other hand, the princess and her son seemed perfectly satisfied with my zeal, diligence, and faithful services; and I was treated with so much civility, that I thought myself almost a favourite.’

‘This continued near three years, till the time already mentioned, when they changed their plan, and began by their actions, without directly avowing it, to set the King at defiance.’

‘The governor’s apologies being no longer necessary, the best use they could make of me was to provoke me to some hasty imprudent action, which might oblige me to quit my station, and make way for Bute’s advancement.’

‘However, they could not find out the slightest pretence for shewing any public mark of their displeasure; and, though some hard things were said to me in private, I always kept my temper, giving the severest answers in the most respectful language, and letting them civilly understand that I feared their anger no more than I had deserved it; and though it might be in their power to fret me, I was determined not to be in the wrong.’

The intrigues on the part of the princess dowager, for the promotion of Earl Bute, induced his lordship to resign his office of governor to the prince, which he describes as a ‘most painful servitude,’ and one in which his spirits and patience were so much exhausted, that he could have quitted his Royal Highness, and have given up all future hopes of court preferment, without the least regret or uneasiness. His lordship, on his resignation, refused a pension of 2000*l.* a-year, but requested and obtained a reversion of the office of one of the tellers of the Exchequer. Lord Waldegrave had tendered his resignation, and which had been also accepted, before the prince knew it. His lordship, in relating a subsequent interview with his Royal Highness on the subject, says:—

‘I had not acquainted either the Prince or Princess of Wales with this transaction; who strongly suspected, that, notwithstanding the ill usage I had received, I might still have some inclination to continue in his Royal Highness’s

service; and having often perceived that I would not understand the most intelligible hints, they now resolved to explain themselves in the clearest and most precise manner.

'Accordingly, one day after dinner, the Prince of Wales began the conversation by desiring I would take nothing amiss; and then proceeded, with much hesitation and confusion, that he certainly should be exceeding glad to employ me hereafter, but that just at present he had very particular reasons against my continuing in his service; that it would be very improper for him to give me a negative; hoped I would not lay him under such a difficulty; and that he should esteem it a real obligation, if my resignation could have the appearance of being entirely my own act.

'I answered, that far from taking any thing amiss, I returned his Royal Highness my humblest thanks for the very gracious manner in which he had expressed himself. That as to my quitting his service, I had often proposed it to the King, who, though much averse to it, had at last given his consent.

'That this had long been my object; for that several months ago, when his Royal Highness had thought proper to tell me that he expected to have the nomination of the person who was to be at the head of the new establishment, it being necessary there should be a man in such a place whom he could thoroughly confide in; when he had added, that unless he was gratified in this particular, he should consider all those who were placed about him as his enemies; and when it was very apparent that I was not the person in whom his confidence was reposed, I should undoubtedly have resigned my employment the next morning, if I had not been apprehensive that it might have produced an immediate rupture; for I was determined, if there must be a quarrel between him and his grandfather, which I thought very probable, it should never be placed to my account. That I had persisted in doing all good offices, as long as they were practicable; that when it was no longer in my power to do any real good, I still had endeavoured to do as little harm as possible; and had made use of every opportunity to soften and alleviate whatever had been amiss; but, at the same time, the King having appointed me his Royal Highness's governor, I was accountable to his Majesty, and it was my duty to give information, as to some particulars, when he required it; or supposing it had been my intention to deceive the King, even in that case, it would have been absurd to have denied those things which might be seen at every drawing-room, and were the subject of conversation at every coffee-house.

'Those who had persuaded his Royal Highness to speak to me in the manner I have mentioned, had forgot to furnish him with a proper reply; possibly they did not expect that I should have presumed

to return so uncourtly an answer; he was much embarrassed, said little, and went immediately to his mother, to give an account of what had passed.

'In about two days I was sent for by her Royal Highness, who began by apologizing for her son's behaviour; telling me, that I certainly must have misunderstood him on several occasions, or that he had said more than he really intended; that he had a great regard for me, did not like new faces, and was very desirous that I should continue in his service; but that he had a very particular esteem for the Earl of Bute, and had set his heart on making him groom of the stole; that being master of the horse was equally honourable, and if I would accept that employment, every thing might be made easy, and the King and her son would be both satisfied.

'The Prince, who was present, assented to every thing she said, but entered no further into the conversation.

'I returned their Royal Highnesses my humblest thanks; assured them, that whether I quitted or whether I remained his Royal Highness's servant, I should always be desirous of doing every thing they should approve of, as far as was consistent with the superior duty I owed to the King; and that nothing could give me more real satisfaction, than to see perfect harmony and union in the royal family.

'Many compliments passed between us, without the least insincerity on either side; for we did not mean to deceive each other: but as we were soon to be divided for the rest of our lives, it seemed best to part with the appearance of good humour and civility.

'One of the compliments might, indeed, be somewhat equivocal; I told her Royal Highness that I had frequently taken the liberty of speaking to the King concerning Lord Bute's promotion; but had never obtained a serious answer; for that as often as I touched on the subject, he immediately laughed in my face.

'After this friendly conference, which was about a month before the new establishment took place, I was treated with the greatest politeness; and when his Majesty granted their request, he made choice of me to be the messenger of good news.'

The remainder of this volume chiefly relates to the employment of his lordship in negotiating administrations, which appears to have been as difficult a business then, as it was found a few years ago on the death of Mr. Percival. In an interview which his lordship had with the King, his Majesty expressed his dislike to Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple, in very strong terms, the substance of which was, that—

'The secretary [Mr. Pitt] made him some very long speeches, which possibly might be very fine, but were greatly beyond his comprehension; and that his let-

ters were affected, formal, and pedantic. That as to Temple, he was a disagreeable fellow, there was no bearing him; that when he attempted to argue, he was pert, and sometimes insolent; that when he meant to be civil, he was exceedingly troublesome, and that, in the business of his office, he was totally ignorant.'

The Earl Waldegrave was, at the particular wish of his Majesty, appointed to the treasury, but he does not appear to have acted in the office. In one of his interviews with the King for forming the administration, his Majesty made the following observations on English politics:—

'That we were, indeed, a very extraordinary people, continually talking of our constitution, laws, and liberty. That as to our constitution, he allowed it to be a good one, and defied any man to produce a single instance wherein he had exceeded his proper limits. That he never meant to screen or protect any servant who had done amiss; but still he had a right to chuse those who were to serve him, though, at present, so far from having an option, he was not even allowed a negative.

'That as to our laws, we passed near a hundred every session, which seemed made for no other purpose but to afford us the pleasure of breaking them; and as to our zeal for liberty, it was in itself highly commendable; but our notions must be somewhat singular, when the chief of the nobility chose rather to be the dependents and followers of a Duke of Newcastle, than to be the friends and counsellors of their sovereign.'

With this extract we close the Memoirs by the Earl Waldegrave. The events to which they relate are limited to a period of four years, but it was a period of great political intrigue; and his lordship, having been behind the curtain, was enabled to observe the machinery by which the whole was directed. The incidents detailed by his lordship are not of themselves of a very prominent interest, but the work must be considered as a useful, if not a valuable contribution towards the history of the period to which it relates.

The Belvidere Apollo; Fazio, a Tragedy; and other Poems. By the Rev. H. H. Milman. 8vo. pp. 192. London, 1821.

MR. MILMAN's tragedy of Fazio, which fills the principal part of the volume before us, is too well known to the public, either on the stage or in the closet, to need a single comment. The other poems are the *Apollo Belvidere*, a prize poem, which was recited in the theatre at Oxford, in 1812; *Judicium Regale*, an Ode: Alexander

Tumulum Achillis invisens, a Latin prize poem, of 1813; and *Fortune*, from the Italian of Guidi.

In the *Belvidere Apollo*, the poet pays a noble tribute to the matchless skill displayed in that splendid monument of antiquity; we insert the whole poem:—

‘Heard ye the arrow * hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster’s deathful cry?
In settled majesty of calm disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heav’nly Archer stands—no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A God in strength, with more than godlike grace;
All, all divine—no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life-blood flows,
But animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright kindling with a conqueror’s stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow’s fateful flight;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire:
Firm fix’d his tread, yet light, as when on high
He walks th’ impalpable and pathless sky:
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind,
That lifts in sport his mantle’s drooping fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian †! with an eagle’s flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
View’d the bright conclave of Heav’n’s blest abode,
And the cold marble leapt to life a God:
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran,
And nations bow’d before the work of man.
For mild he seem’d, as in Elysian bowers,
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;
Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid on Delphi’s haunted steep,
’Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Yet on that form in wild delirious trance
With more than rev’rence gazed the Maid of France.
Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought it solitude;
To cherish grief, her last, her dearest care,
Her one fond hope—to perish of despair.
Oft as the shifting light her sight beguiled,
Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble smiled:
Oft breathless list’ning heard, or seem’d to hear,
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she wan’d, and cold and senseless grown,
Closed her dim eyes, herself benumb’d to stone.
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied;
Once more she gazed, then feebly smiled and died ‡.

* ‘The Apollo is in the act of watching the arrow with which he slew the serpent Python.’
† ‘Agasias of Ephesus.’
‡ ‘The foregoing fact is related in the work of Mons. Pinel sur l’Insanité.’

The ode, ‘*Judicium Regale*,’ is a sort of ‘*Vision of Judgment*.’ We do not, by this remark, mean to say, that it is either absurd or impious, like that of Mr. Southey; but the subjects are not very dissimilar. The poet laureat brings George III. to Judgment. Mr. Milman brings Buonaparte; of course, their fates differ widely. We are always sorry when we see poets meddling with politics; they are very seldom either charitable in their opinions or correct in their judgment; and we really think, that a person of Mr. Milman’s fertile imagination, might have selected a better subject than that of Bonaparte, whom it is ungenerous to insult in his misfortunes; but, Shakespeare has told us, that—

‘Tis certain, greatness once fall’n out with fortune
Must fall out with men too; what the declin’d is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall.’

Mr. Southey could muster but two accusers against the sovereign of Britain, and these made a very pitiful charge. Mr. Milman has been more successful against Bonaparte, whom men and empires accuse. The description of Bonaparte, who is designated as the ‘*Imperial Criminal*,’ is forcibly drawn, and wants nothing but truth to recommend it. Mr. Milman thus portrays the fallen emperor:—

‘In that wan face nor ancient majesty
Left wither’d splendour dim, nor old renown
Lofty disdain in that sad sunken eye;
No giant ruin even in wreck elate
Frowning dominion o’er imperious fate,
But one to native lowliness cast down.
A sullen careless desperation gave
The hollow semblance of intrepid grief,
Not that heroic patience nobly brave,
That even from misery wrings a proud relief;
Nor the dark pride of haughty spirits of ill,
That from the towering grandeur of their sin,
Wear on the brow triumphant gladness still,
Heedless of racking agony within;
Nor penitence was there, nor pale remorse,
Nor memory of his fall from kingly state,
And warrior glory in his sun-like course,
Fortune his slave, and Victory his mate.
’Twere doubt if that dark form could truly feel,
Or were indeed a shape and soul of steel.’

We pass over the accusations of Prussia, Spain, the Italian States, and the Pope, &c. to quote the following passage relating to Great Britain:—

‘Whom saw I then in port and pride a Queen,
Come walking o’er her own obsequious sea?
I knew thee well, the valiant, rich, and free—
As when old Rome, her Roman virtue tame,
Gazed, when in arms that bold dictator came;
With the iron ransom of her capitol,
Startled to flight the fierce insulting Gaul—
Camillus of mankind! thy regal mien
Gladden’d all earth; the nations from their rest
Joyful upleap’d; with modest front elate,

Like one that hath proud conscience in her breast,
Thou breakest the blank silence—“Woe and hate
To this bad man for those my good and great,
That sleep amid the Spaniard’s mountains rude,
In the sad beauty of the hero’s fate.
To this bad man immortal gratitude,
For he hath taught, who slaves the free of earth,
Fettereth the whirlwind; hath given glorious birth
To deeds that dwarf my old majestic fame,
Make Blake and Marlborough languid sound and tame

To Nelson and that chief to whom defeat
Is like an undiscover’d star—hath shown
More than the Macedonian victories vain
To rivet on the earth the oppressor’s chain;
As little will yon sun’s empyrean throne
Endure a mortal seat, as this wide globe
Be one man’s appanage; or my fair isle,
That precious gem in ocean’s azure robe,
Cast freedom’s banner down, by force or guile
Master’d, and forfeit earth’s renown and love,
And her bright visions of high meed above’

But France, ungrateful France, is brought in accusation against her idol. ‘This is the unkindest cut of all.’ But what can France charge him with? Why first with making her the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. This passage is one of the best in the ode, and gives a powerful description of the once gigantic greatness of the French empire. France is made to say,—

‘High in the flaming car of victory riding,
From Alp to Alp his chamois warriors guiding,
The peril of wild Lodi’s arch bestriding,
I saw yon chieftain in his morn of fame;
Cities and armies at his beck sank down,
And in the gaudy colours of renown
The fabled Orient vested his young name.
The bright and baleful meteor I adored,
Low bow’d I down, and said—“Be thou my Lord!”

Like old and ruinous towers, the ancient thrones
Crumbled, and dynasties of elder time;
The banners of my conquest-plumed sons
Flouted the winds of many a distant clime:
On necks of vanquish’d kings I fix’d my seat,
And the broad Rhine roll’d vassal at my feet.
Thrice did the indignant nations league their might,
Thrice the red darkness of the battle night
Folded the recreant terror of their flight.
Realms sack’d and ravaged empires sooth’d my toils,
And satrap chiefs were monarchs from my spoils.
In solitude of freedom that rich Queen
Sate in her sanctity of waves serene.’

The thousand-times repeated charge of murdering Wright and Pichegru is reiterated; and, when the whole of the charges are gone through, judgment on the culprit is thus invoked:—

“For yon dark chief of woe, and guilt, and strife,
O scepter’d judges! punish him with life.
Fear not he seek with the old Roman pride,
That weakness to the noble soul allied,
To die as Cato, and as Brutus died.

Fear not that in his abject heart he show
That martyr fortitude, that smiles in woe.
By him shall that great secret be betray'd,
Of what poor stuff are earth's dread tyrants
made.

Oh, let him live to be despised, to see
France happy, and the glorious nations free;
Death were delight to that deep misery!"—

Then did that kingly conclave, with one voice,
Pass the dread sentence on the gloomy man;
In his soul's icy deadness, he alone
By other's woes seemed harden'd to his own.

From land to land the penal tidings ran;
Earth lifted up her rich face to rejoice,
The bright blue heavens bade wintry warring
cease,

And spring came dancing o'er a world at peace.

With all due deference to the poet,
we think that Bonaparte, during his
five years' exile or imprisonment, has
given strong evidence that he *does* pos-
sess the 'martyr fortitude that smiles
in woe;' and, however long his life
may be, we will guarantee him from
the supposed misery of living

— to see

France happy, and the glorious nations free.

The experience of every succeeding
day, gives some excuse to Bonaparte's
ambitious projects, by showing how
faithless were the parties with whom
he had to deal, and that the monarchs
who formerly so tamely succumbed to
his power, now are the worst parts of
his character without a particle of his
talents.

In taking leave of Mr. Milman,
which we must do somewhat hastily, as
we have a number of other authors to pay
our respects to, we cannot but think he
has been rather injudicious in the pub-
lication of these poems. They are un-
worthy of the talents of the author of
Fazio, Samor, and the Fall of Jerusa-
lem,—productions which have justly
gained him a high reputation. We
are far from saying that these less im-
portant pieces are without merit, for
they really possess many beauties, but
they are much inferior to the poems we
have mentioned, and we have too great
a respect for Mr. Milman, and admire
his talents too much, not to feel jealous
for his fame.

*Annals of the Coinage of Britain and its
Dependencies.* By the Rev. R.
Ruding.

(Continued from p. 212)

NOTWITHSTANDING the assertion of
some antiquaries to the contrary, it
does not appear that Britain had any
coinage previous to the invasion of Ju-
lius Cæsar, who describes the Britons
as a people then just emerging from
barbarism, and no further acquainted
with commerce than to have discovered

that it could not be conducted by sim-
ple barter alone. The earliest coin
which can with the least appearance of
probability be attributed to any parti-
cular British monarch, bears upon it the
letters **SEGO**, probably for Segonax,
who was one of the four petty Kentish,
monarchs that, by command of Cassi-
vellan, attacked Cæsar's camp upon
his second invasion of Britain.

It was, however, during the reign of
Cunobeline, that the British coins were
improved in imitation of the Roman
money. On some of these coins the
name of the monarch is given with a
Latin termination; and the devices
which are impressed upon the others
are evident imitations of the coins of
Augustus Cæsar. Of many of the
coins of Cunobeline, (and nearly forty
varieties have been discovered,) a word
appears that has occasioned much con-
troversy, but without any elucidation
of its meaning, which still remains in-
volved in impenetrable obscurity.
This is the word **TASCIO** or **TASCIA**,
which has been supposed by some to
signify tribute; by others, to be the
name of the moneyer, with various
other conjectures equally unsatisfac-
tory.

It is probable that the British coin-
age closed with the money of Cunobe-
line, for, in a few years after his death,
the second subjection of Britain took
place, under Claudius, which was so
complete and severe, that the country
became rather a Roman than a British
island, and thus continued for nearly
four hundred years.

The coins of the Anglo-Saxons con-
sisted of the sceatta, in value about a
penny, and another, which was only
worth one fourth of a penny. It has
been attempted to be proved that the
Saxons had a gold coinage, but the ar-
guments to establish this fact are by
no means conclusive. In point of anti-
quity, the penny succeeds; the etymo-
logies of it are nearly as numerous as
the modes of spelling it; and it was
written in various ways,—as peneg,
penig, peninc, pening, penineg, pen-
ning, and pending: its most probable
derivation is from *pendo*, to weigh.
The penny, the halfpenny, and the
farthing, all of which were of silver,
were Anglo-Saxon coins; they also had
the styca, two of which were equal to
one farthing. The Saxons had also
other monies, or rather denominations
of monies, the exact nature of which is
by no means determined; such as the
mancus, the mark, the shilling, the
thrimsa, and the ora. The mancus is

believed to have been only a certain
weight, equal to thirty pennies or six
shillings. The mark, which was a
Danish mode of computation, was,
early in the tenth century, estimated at
one hundred pennies; but, in the year
1194, at one hundred and sixty. The
scill, or scilling, a word of doubtful de-
rivation, appears at a very early period
in the Anglo-Saxon laws, some fines
having been regulated by it about the
middle of the sixth century; its value
was five and afterwards four pennies.
The thrimsa appears to have been equal
to three-fifths of the shilling of five
pence; and the ora was anciently reck-
oned at fifteen pennies. These are all
the coins and denominations of money
which appear to have been used by the
Anglo-Saxons.

It would lead us too much into de-
tail to notice the coinage of the differ-
ent kingdoms of the heptarchy; in
which the kingdom of Kent claims the
precedence. During this period, and
the reigns of the sole monarchs, the
coins we have enumerated prevailed,
and there were also several others.
Mints were established in various parts
of the kingdom, and the names of the
money, and in many instances that of
the mint, were on the reverse of the
coins. Harold, during his short-lived
sovereignty, seems to have been stu-
dious to perpetuate his memory by
frequent coinages, for he had mints at
thirty-seven different towns, and his
coins are far from being uncommon.
These coins have, on the obverse, Har-
old's name and title as King of Eng-
land, and the reverse bears the money-
er's name, and the place of mintage.
All of them have **PAX** across the cen-
tre, which has been supposed to allude
to the peace which Edward the Con-
fessor granted to him and to his father,
Earl Godwin, in 1052.

William the Conqueror, anxious to
persuade the English that he looked
upon them as his natural subjects, and
not as a conquered people, made no
innovation on the coinage. His coins
not only resemble those of Harold in
weight and fineness, but some of them
correctly imitated the type of that mo-
narch's pennies. This adherence to
the weight of the Saxon penny, will
appear to be very extraordinary, when
we consider that he introduced the
French mode of computation, by shil-
lings of twelve pennies; and can be
ascribed only to a refined policy,
which forbade an alteration, the effect
of which would immediately be per-
ceived by his new subjects. Of the

coins of William I. the penny is the only one which has descended to our times. These were extremely rare until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when, after a dreadful fire, which burnt many houses in Upper Ouse Gate, in the city of York, in the year 1703-4, a small oak box, containing about two hundred and fifty pennies of the two Williams, was discovered, on digging a deep foundation for a new building. Before this discovery, the utmost diligence of that indefatigable collector, Thoresby, could procure no more than two of them. The coins of William I. have, on the obverse, his name and title as King, with the addition of some of the leading letters of *ANGLORUM*; and on the reverse, the name of the moneyer, together with the place of mintage,

William Rufus coined but little money, and employed few of his father's moneyers. From the weight and fineness of his money, it seems that, notwithstanding his necessities, (for he soon dissipated his father's immense wealth,) he made no alteration in the standard. His coins bear on the obverse his name and title, except in one instance, where the legend is *WILLELMVS* only, and in another, which is inscribed *L. VILLEM DVO*. The reverses have the town and moneyer.

Henry I. made several important and beneficial regulations relative to the coinage. He denounced severe punishment against moneyers or other persons on whom counterfeit coins should be found. In his laws, it was ordained that falsifiers of the money should suffer the loss of a hand, without redemption. This penalty, dreadful as it may appear, was insufficient to prevent the crime of counterfeiting the coin; accordingly, Henry, on his return from Normandy, in 1105, added to the penalty of the loss of a hand, the further punishment of the loss of sight, and emasculation. Notwithstanding the severity of these ordinances, the money, in 1108, was so much corrupted, as to render a new coinage absolutely necessary:—

'The strong hand of the law having proved ineffectual for the protection of the coins, the censures of the church were, in 1123, called into its aid. At a council which was holden at Rome in that year, when Callixtus the Second presided, some ancient statutes were revived, by which it was decreed, that whoever should knowingly make, or studiously circulate false money, should be separated from the congregation of the faithful as one ac-

cursed, an oppressor of the poor, and a disturber of the state.

'1125. These ecclesiastical denunciations seem likewise to have been pronounced in vain, for, in about two years afterward, the King sent orders, from Normandy, for the punishment of all the moneyers in England, by inflicting upon them the severest sentence of the law; because the money was so corrupted that it would not pass in any market.

'In compliance with these commands, Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, summoned them, throughout all England, to appear at Winchester against Christmas-day. When they arrived there, they were taken apart singly, and underwent the dreadful infliction. The whole was done within the twelve days before Christmas, and, indeed, (saith the chronicler,) most justly, for they had brought the greatest loss upon the whole nation, by the immense quantity of base metal which they had circulated. They were afterwards compelled to abjure the realm, and to go into banishment.'

The English goldsmiths were at this time eminent for excellence of workmanship, and were sometimes invited to practice their art in foreign courts. The types of the coins of Henry I. are as various as those of any monarch in the English series. His name and title are variously written upon the obverse of his money. On some pieces *H. R.* only are found; on others, *HENRICUS*; on others, his name and title; and on some, his name and title as King of the English. The reverses bear the name of the mint and moneyer, which, in some instances, are placed within two concentric circles. One penny has *PAX* across the centre of the reverse.

The necessities of King Stephen induced him to diminish the weight which the penny bore in the reign of his predecessor. During this disturbed reign, several barons, particularly those related to the King, had coins struck. The coins of Stephen are almost invariably badly executed. They are scarce, yet a considerable variety of types is to be found. His name on the obverse is commonly wrong spelled, and occurs frequently without his title. When that appears, it is simply *Rex*, without any addition. The reverses bear, in general, the mint and moneyer; but it is peculiar to coins of this reign to exhibit reverses without any legend, the outer circle being charged with unmeaning ornaments.

The wretched state to which money had been reduced in the reign of Stephen, by adulteration and other methods, rendered a new coinage absolutely necessary, when Henry II. took

possession of the crown. A foreign artist, Philip Aymary, a native of Tours, was introduced into the Mint; but, as he was suspected to connive at the frauds of the moneyers, who were severely punished, he was soon dismissed. It appears, that there were at least two coinages in this reign, and that the same device was used on both. The name of Henry II, *HENRI* written, appears on the obverse, with his title of King of England; but, upon an Anglo-Gallic penny, struck in Aquitaine, it is *HENRICUS REX*. The reverses, as usual, have the name of the Mint and the moneyer. The coins of this monarch were rare, until a large quantity of them was found at Royston, about the year 1721; and a still larger hoard, to the number of more than five thousand seven hundred, at Tealby, in Lincolnshire, in 1807. They are commonly very ill struck.

It does not appear certain, that Richard I. coined any money during his reign: at all events, if he did, none of his coins have come down to us. We are not, however, without specimens of his money, the produce of his Anglo-Gallic Mints, which bear his name as King of England, though they were struck by him either in the quality of Earl of Poitou or as Duke of Aquitaine.

King John, when very young, having been declared by his father Lord of Ireland, had mints in Dublin and Waterford, and had money struck with his name and title impressed on it. The coins are of peculiarly barbarous workmanship, bearing, on the obverse, a rude face, resembling the form in which the full moon is usually drawn, with his title *JOHANNES DOM*; and, on the reverse, the name of the moneyer and the place of mintage. On his usurpation of the crown of England, he made several regulations respecting money, particularly to stop the diminishing of the coins, which had been carried on to an alarming extent. Although he had mints in seventeen different towns in England, yet no coins from any of these mints have ever been discovered. The only specimens we have are his Irish coins, some struck before and others after his assuming the royal dignity. His title, upon the coins, is only *JOHANNES* or *JOHANNES REX*, without any notice of either *England*, or even *Ireland*, where they were minted. The reverse has the Mint and moneyer as usual, but with devices, which appears on his money only. The penny has a crescent and a blazing

star; and the half-penny, a crescent and a cross patée, with a small star in each angle of the triangle; the farthing has a blazing star only. The bust on the obverse, and these devices on the reverse, are placed within the triangle.

During the minority of Henry III, there was a coinage of pennies, half-pennies, and farthings, but only a few of the first have been preserved:—

'The alteration of type, which was introduced upon the money in this reign, forms a kind of æra in the Numismatic History of England. From the conquest until this time, with the exception of the coins of Henry II. and the obverse of those of John, a great variety prevailed in the impressions both of the obverse and reverse of the coins. The portraits of the monarchs were represented either in full or in profile; and the crosses were exhibited under almost every possible form. But the portrait of Henry III. is invariably full-faced; the cross consists of double lines; and the only difference between his earlier and later coinages is, that in the former the cross is bounded by the inner circle, and has four pellets in each quarter; whilst in the latter it extends to the outer circle, and the number of the pellets is reduced to three. To this description his gold penny forms the only exception.

'Rude as this ornament of the reverse may appear to modern taste, it however seems, for some reason or other, to have been highly satisfactory to those who conducted the operations of the Mint, for it kept entire possession of the coins until Henry VII. introduced heraldic bearings. It then began gradually to give ground, but was not entirely lost before the latter end of the reign of James I. at the termination of a period of nearly 400 years.'

His style upon his money is sometimes Henricus Rex only; at others the number III, TERC, or Ang, with Terci on the reverse is added. The reverse, besides the rude impress described above, has generally the name of the Mint and the moneyer. The gold penny of this king is of a very different type from that of his silver money. On the obverse, the sovereign is represented crowned, and sitting on a chair of state; in his right hand is a sceptre, in his left a globe. The reverse has the long cross of his later coinage, with a rose and three small pellets in each quarter. It is the only gold coin which is stamped with the name of the Mint and the moneyer.

Henry the Third had mints in thirty-four different towns; and he also struck money in Gascony. There are also coins, apparently ecclesiastical, probably struck in his reign, with the history of which we are unacquainted.

(To be continued.)

High Birth, a Satire, addressed to a Young Nobleman; in imitation of the Eighth Satire of Juvenal. 8vo. pp. 48. London, 1821.

THE object of this satire is good; it is to prove the truth of Pope's assertion, that—

'Honour and fame from no condition rise;

And that naught

'—Can ennoble slaves and cowards,
Not all the blood of all the Howards.'

Some personages of 'High Birth,' well known in the fashionable circles, but who certainly would not do credit to any station in society, are justly reprehended; but the satire is destitute of one very essential quality—point. If there are any readers who deem this of no consequence, we think they may be pleased with 'High Birth' in every other respect.

EDUCATION.

1. *Conversations on English Grammar, in a Series of Familiar and Entertaining Dialogues, between a Mother and her Daughters; in which the various Rules of Grammar are introduced and explained, &c.* By Mrs. Williams. 12mo. pp. 213. London, 1821.

MRS. WILLIAMS'S 'Conversations' not only contain a clear and intelligible explanation of the principles of English grammar, but are well calculated to convert what is generally considered (by young persons at least,) a very dry study, into an agreeable and pleasing employment. We know no better method of instilling knowledge than by this familiar tête à tête between the instructor and the pupil, who will thus insensibly acquire information, without feeling any of the repugnance which usually accompanies set tasks and formal lessons.

2. *A Grammar of Universal Geography, and of Elementary Astronomy. For the Use of Schools and Private Instruction.* By Alexander Jamieson, Author of a Treatise on the Construction of Maps, &c. 18mo. pp. 252. London, 1821.

THIS appears to us to be a very clever little work, embracing a great quantity of information admirably arranged; and we recommend it as well suited to teaching the first principles of geography and astronomy. The author truly observes, that he has traversed the globe to lay its treasures at the feet of his pupil, whom he now invites to take the same course, to prove to his own mind, that these riches are the common pro-

perty of all who will take the trouble to acquire them.

3. *The Mental Calculator; being a Compendium of Concise yet General Rules, for the ready Solution of various useful and interesting Problems in Astronomy; with Explanatory Illustrations. Forming an Epitome of the Elements of that Science. To which is added a Guide to the Constellations.* By P. Lovekin. 18mo. pp. 117. London, 1821.

THIS work at once forms a substitute for, and an assistant to, a pair of globes. The rules for solving a variety of astronomical problems, are so arranged as to be easily committed to memory, particularly as abstruse terms are avoided as much as possible. The 'Guide to the Constellations' will be of infinite service to youth, and may even be consulted by 'grown up children' with advantage.

4. *Stories from the Spanish History, for the Amusement of Children.* By Mrs. Jamieson. 18mo. pp. 140. London, 1820.

THIS is a pleasing collection of the most striking anecdotes and interesting events with which the history of Spain, so fertile in every thing romantic and entertaining, abounds. The selection is judicious, and made with that discrimination which distinguishes the works of this popular writer.

5. *Biographical Sketches of the Apostles, and the most Remarkable Characters mentioned in the New Testament.* 18mo. pp. 172. London, 1820.

A CONDENSED but a connected sketch of the principal events in the lives of the most remarkable personages in the New Testament, with biographical notices of the four primitive martyrs, can scarcely need any recommendation. No person who feels an interest in the religious instruction of youth, should remain unacquainted with this volume.

Original Communications.

ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD SHILLING.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—On turning over Richelet's French Dictionary, I found the following etymology, if so it may be called, of the word shilling:—'Schres says, in his Chronicle of Prussia, p. 67.—In Prussia, under the sixth master of the Teutonic order, Bernhard Schilling, citizen of Thorn, extracted from a mine of the town of Nicolas-Dorff,

the quantity of several pigs of silver; and, because there were great abuses in the money current, in Bohemia and Poland, Schilling was permitted to coin little pieces, which he called by his name.' On referring to *L'Art de verifier les Dates*, the most important chronological work in existence, I find the Sixth Master of the Tuetonic order was elected, A. D. 1244, and died 1253; perhaps some of your readers, fond of antiquarian lore, will tell us whether this authority is to be depended on.

I am, your's, &c. Y. Z.

THE NEWSMAN,

A Sketch from the Life.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

'Careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn:—
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's
cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect him—
Unconscious of them all.'—COWPER'S TASK.

AT about nine o'clock on a Sunday morning, just before the bells ring for church, this eccentric man may be seen, leaving London behind him, and speeding his way to the north. In height, he is about five feet, his age is sixty, and whoever has seen an out-pensioner of Greenwich Hospital, might identify him. He wears a blue coat, of coarse cloth, and made by a tailor, (I beg pardon) by a habit-maker of the last century; at a period when professional gentlemen gave their customers cuffs without insult, and collars without being recognised as pup-pies. His waistcoat is of a pattern which resembles a fancy perfumer's morning dress. His breeches are leather, and being used as an accommodation to the palms and fingers, would make an excellent hone to set the wiry edge of a razor. His hose of worsted, are worn in relief, with a jagged tongue at the knee, which reposes on a scarlet garter, that is every evening be-nighted in his chamber. A pair of dirty half-boots embrace his ancles, and taper up to his calf to an exquisite point. His face looks like a veteran's that has passed through the storm, and his hair straggles over his shoulders like wi-

* By referring to the review of Ruding's *Coinage*, in the present number, our Correspondent will perceive, that the word shilling was applied to a piece of coin many centuries before the time fixed by Schres, in his *Lexicon*.—ED.

thering ivy over a yielding ruin. He wears a hat with broad brim and oval crown, round which a piece of whipcord is tied, and a pen slipped in—perhaps the very identical one that, the night previously, had been whirled into the office by some editor, because it did not shed ink away fast enough, and trace the blank paper with facility. However, whether this pen were rejected for its softness or hardness I know not,—it serves its present purpose to tick against credit, which, unfortunately for its user, is not always creditable. And sometimes this newsman has to give fifty stamps with his foot for the one which he gives with his paper. To be prepared against the changes of the weather, he carries his umbrella under one arm and his newspapers in a case under the other. An old phial, fixed to his button hole, supplies him with ink; and, being visited with an internal complaint, his nose leaves his lips, always considerably in the rear;—hence, like the title of the paper in which I appear, he is very *chronical*. If I may judge of the state of his mind, from the moanings which he occasionally utters, I should conclude, like too many of his fellow-countrymen, his calling is one more of necessity than inclination. Let the slanderer then put his finger to his lip, and the rigid Christian contemplate, that the afflicted do not always chuse that course which is most agreeable, nor tread twenty miles with that pleasure they would enjoy, if the iron rod of national affliction were not suspended over them. The bread of industry is often obtained with difficulty, while idleness in disguise riots in luxurious carelessness; but how glorious will be the reward of the one, and how painful the merited justice of the other.

Io SONO.

CRUELTY TO CHIMNEY SWEEPERS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—There seems to want an explanation of the coroner's suggestion to the jury, who sat very recently on the body of a boy only twelve years of age, that was jammed into a chimney, with rubbish, and, poor creature! suffered to remain there an hour, and then die!—Shocking inhumanity!—such unfeeling conduct merits the severest punishment. Now, sir, from the public prints, it appears, that the great reason for not extricating the sufferer from his situation was, because it would disfigure a part of the

chimney which had been repaired; as if the removal of a few bricks were equal to the life of a fellow-creature! Whoever the bricklayer is, that so greatly admired the works of his handicraft, he deserves more the name of a monster than a man, and whatever accommodation, or compromise of sympathy, might have been made by the parties concerned, a vote of censure is not sufficient to express that indignation for one so devoid of humanity. Day after day, delinquents are suffered to escape the meed of due punishment,—defenceless children perish under the pressure of cruelty, and yet, because it is 'not every body's business to interfere, it is nobody's.' Surely the 'Vice Suppression Society' might be here usefully and humanely employed to the greatest advantage, and with the most beneficial effect, seeing, that to save but one soul from an untimely fate, there will be 'great recompense of reward.' Actuated with the best motives, if you think the above desultory remarks deserving of a page in your impartial and instructive paper, I shall be happy to see them inserted, that the respectable coroner might be so kind as to throw some light on the melancholy catastrophe, for general satisfaction.

I am, sir,

With much respect,

March 24, 1821.

PULVIS.

Original Criticisms

ON

*The Principal Performers of the Theatres
Royal Drury Lane & Covent Garden.*

No. XVI.—MR. VANDENHOFF.

'We hate e'en Kemble thus at second hand.'

CHURCHILL.

PRECEDED by the most enthusiastic eulogiums from all parts of the country, Mr. Vandenhoff has, at length, made his appearance. Every dramatic amateur will remember that this is the gentleman whose name made so conspicuous a figure in the play bills, during the first year of Mr. Elliston's management. What were the reasons that precluded his appearance, at that time, it is neither our object nor our wish to inquire; but this much we will say, that if, as we have heard it reported, Mr. Vandenhoff refused an engagement at Drury Lane, merely because he was to enact the second characters to Mr. Kean, his conduct savours very strongly of ridiculous self-conceit; as his pretensions, in our opinion at least, are very far from being of that high order which we had been

led to expect. Mr. Vandenhoff seems to have delayed his appearance, till the absence of Mr. Kean should have afforded him a fit opportunity for the display of his talents, but, in so doing, he appears to have forgotten that he had to contend with two most powerful competitors. The names of Macready and C. Kemble, gentlemen eminently adapted, both by nature and study, to attain the very summit of their profession, with highly cultivated and classic minds, and talents matured by experience, might have presented themselves to him, as probable obstacles to that pre-eminence his ambition prompted him to court. But, not to enter more fully into his motives, we shall content ourselves with observing that Mr. Vandenhoff appeared in *King Lear*, a severe test, as the character is universally allowed to be the most arduous throughout the whole range of the drama, and, as he has been found wanting, his selection bears the stamp, to use no stronger term, of folly and temerity. With regard to his performance of *Lear*, we shall only say, that after that of Kean it was bad indeed; it was even inferior to the representation of the little itinerant Booth. His performance was by no means correct; when he was expressing passages of the most frightful and tremendous vehemence, he was impotent and querulous; when, on the contrary, he ought to have been calm and soul-subdued, he launched forth into the other extreme. By a vain attempt at originality, he certainly *struck out* very many of Kean's beauties, but he inserted few others in their places. We will not, however, deny, that the performance had some merit: his declamation, at times, was excellent, and we are happy to say that he does not rant to the galleries. His scenes with Edgar, as Mad Tom, and his lowly submission to the raging elements were distinguished by a pathos that insinuated itself into the souls of the audience, and obtained considerable approbation. His Sir Giles Overreach was clever in parts, in others miserably tame; the effect of the concluding scene, which we have seen played by Kean with such heart-rending excellence, was entirely destroyed by Mr. Vandenhoff's misrepresentation, but his instructions to Margaret were well given, and his manner of speaking of 'his honourable, his right honourable daughter,' excellent.

We are of opinion that his *Coriolanus* possesses more merit than any of

his other performances; the character was twice repeated with more unequivocal testimonies in his favour than either of the characters he had previously assumed; perhaps this may be owing to the part itself, which is more easily delineated than old *Lear* or Sir Giles Overreach, added to which, a more intimate acquaintance with his audience, of course, tended to diminish those restraints, and that alarm which a first appearance must necessarily produce. We cannot, however, refrain from observing, that the performance would have possessed double merit in our eyes, had it not resembled that of Kemble throughout, so very closely. Mr. Vandenhoff made but little impression in the earlier scenes of the play, but as it proceeded he entered with tolerable spirit into the various passions which agitate the soul of the hero of *Corioli*. His figure, however, though commanding, is deficient in grace; his countenance is unimpressive, and his voice is apt to sink into feebleness and hollowness of tone. He was not happy in sustaining the calm philosophic dignity of the hero, nor was his frown of that awful nature which would cause a plebeian rabble to retreat from him in wild and stupefied dismay. The lofty spirit, the overweening pride of the patrician, his indignation, his haughty bearing, and his revenge, are what Mr. Vandenhoff has not talent sufficient to express with force. He was also deficient in the sublimity which enshrines the haughty soul of *Coriolanus*; still he gave some passages with fine effect. In the last scene, by far the most dramatic, in the alternate struggles between revenge and compassion, filial and conjugal affection, he was highly successful. In the celebrated passage, 'I fluttered your Volscians in *Corioli*,—alone I did it, Boy,' his voice was not equal to his conception, but he soon recovered himself, and his bursting indignation and astonishment were honoured with extreme applause. Mr. Vandenhoff is a striking proof of the fickleness of public taste: for the first week he was received with tumultuous approbation, whereas, in the rage for novelty of every description, he is now almost entirely forgotten. In the same manner as the sun on a hazy day, when his beams are obscured by a mass of clouds, suddenly flashes on our sight, and straight is seen no more; thus Mr. Vandenhoff, after blazing forth as a genius of the very first order, has, after a few faint struggles, 'fallen from

his high estate,' and settled somewhere about the class of Mr. Booth. Well may we exclaim, 'O! what a fall is here,' on beholding the representative of old *Lear*, of the haughty *Coriolanus*, the wily Sir Giles Overreach, thrust into the Earl of Leicester (a miserably meagre sketch of a highly finished portrait), in the melodrama of *Kenilworth*. We regret that Mr. Vandenhoff has not been more fortunate in the selection of his characters, as we think that if his abilities were directed to a proper line, he might still prove a very good performer. We should like to see him in such a character as *Brutus*, which, we are convinced, would be far more adapted to him, than any thing he has yet attempted. But, with all his faults, this gentleman may be called a valuable adjunct to the Covent Garden company: he has much to learn before he can fill, with excellence, the characters he has assumed; but, if he studies closely, we do not despair of seeing him all that his fondest hopes may desire; above every thing let him endeavour to form a school of his own: however excellent the style of Kemble may be, yet to follow it implicitly denotes a weak mind; an indifferent original, is, in our estimation, superior to the best imitation.

W. H. PARRY.

PORTRAITS OF LIVING

Dissenting Ministers,

FROM SHAKESPEARE.

No. II.

Jul. *In thy opinion which is worthiest?*

Luc. *Please you, repeat their names, I'll shew my mind*

According to my shallow simple skill.

Two Gent. of Verona, s. 2.

REV. JNO. TOWNSEND, ROTHERHITHE.

O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweats for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having;—it is not so with thee!

As you like it, sc. 3.

REV. T. RAFFLES, LIVERPOOL.

How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in his lip! to the dumbness of the gesture

One might interpret. *T. of Athens, act 1.*

REV. JOHN STYLES, D. D. BRIGHTON.

I'll write against them. I am master of
my speeches. This is but a custom in your
tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.
For I have seen thee pause and take thy breath.

Cymb. and Troilus.

REV. MR. THOMAS, HIGHGATE.

My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you; but I give Heaven thanks and make no boast.
As you like it, sc. 4.

REV. JNO. GOODE, D. D. WHITE ROW.

A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continue goodness.
T. of Athens, act 1.

REV. MR. DAGLEY, KINGSWOOD.

I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.
Cymbeline, sc. 5.

REV. GEO. BURDER, FETTER LANE.

Thou hast that holy feeling in thy soul
To counsel me to make my peace with God.
Rich. 3, act 1.

REV. R. STODDART, LATE OF PELL STREET.

Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel; or resolve you
For more amazement.
Winter's Tale.

REV. MATT. WILKS, TABERNACLE.

Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain.—*Lear, s. 2.*

REV. J. HUGHES, A. M. BATTERSEA.

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; for thou better know'st
The offices of nature and the effects
Of courtesy, the dues of gratitude.
Lear.

REV. T. CHALMERS, D. D. GLASGOW.

A natural philosopher.—
* * *—*As You Like It.*

They say miracles are past; and we have
our philosophical persons, to take modern and
familiar things; supernatural and causeless.

We understand it and thank heaven for you.
All's Well, s. 3.

REV. ROB. WINTER, D. D. CAREY STREET.

I have a strange infirmity; which is nothing
To those that know me.
Macb. a. 3, s. 3.

But yet I know you'll do as I advise.

Pericles, a. 4, s. 4.

IO SONO

Londiniana,

No. XVIII.

ON THE ORIGIN

OF

THE INNS OF COURT, &c. &c.

(Continued from p. 221.)

Inner Temple,—one of the four inns of court, was founded about the year 1133, by the Knights Templars, who, having their house in Holborn, took another habitation, which they called the *New Temple*, containing that space of ground between White Friars, east, and Essex House, west, and between

the buildings on the south side of Fleet Street, north, and the Thames, south. It is called the *Temple* from the above order of men, who had their mansion near the Temple of our Lord in Jerusalem*, and thence called *Knights Templars*; of this society there were then but *nine*, although they afterwards increased to that degree, that many of the nobility in most parts of Christendom, became of this fraternity, and that they had temples in many places in England; as at Canterbury, Cambridge, Bristol, Dover, &c.; but their chief one was this at London, which they built after the model of that at Jerusalem.

They were at first so poor, that they had but one horse to serve two to ride on. (Vide their ancient seal.)

Their order was similar to that of the *Canons Regular*: they were habited in white, and their upper garment was of red cloth, worn cross-ways, to show that they were not ashamed of the doctrine of the cross; they are, for the same reason, portrayed and carved with their legs, and also the arms of some of them, forming a saltier cross. They professed not only to believe but to defend the Christian religion, the Holy Land, and pilgrims going to visit the Sepulchre of our Lord, for which reason they are represented in armour, like a rope, close twisted about their limbs and head, except the face, and also with swords in their hands.

This order was first founded about the year 1118; but, as their number increased, so did they in wealth; and, as in wealth, in vice, many being tried for *heresy* and other crimes, in England, who were condemned to perpetual penance in several monasteries; but those in France were used more severely, for their lands were seized by King Philip, and the knights, to the number of about sixty were burnt at Paris; so that, between the years 1308 and 1313, this order became utterly dissolved, and A. D. 1324, their lands, (lest the same should be applied to prophane uses,) were given by the crown to the *Knights Hospitallers* of the order of St. John the Baptist, or St. John of Jerusalem, who, soon after, demised the same for the rent of 10l. per annum, unto divers professors of the common law, who were supposed to have come from *Thaivies's Inn*, Holborn.

Wat Tyler and his rebels made great spoils of the records of this house in the 4th of Rich. II. However, that they

* Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, gave them, at first, a residence in his palace.

were here settled in the time of Edward III. is beyond dispute, and the number increased to that degree that they divided into two societies; that next the *White Friars*, standing farthest within the liberty of the city, was called the *Inner Temple*; and that between the west end of the church and *Devereux Court*, the *Middle Temple*; and without the city liberties, from the *Middle Temple*, westward, including part of the Bishop of Exeter's house, now *Essex Buildings*, was called the *Outer Temple*. These lawyers held, as tenants to the said *Hospitallers*, up to their dissolution, 30th Henry VIII.* and afterwards from the crown, by lease, until the 6th of King James I. when they had a grant thereof, by letters patent, dated at Westminster, August 13th, by the name of, *Hospitalia et capitalia messuagia cognita per nomen de le Inner Temple, sive Novi Templi, Lond.*, unto Sir Julius Cæsar, Knight, then Chancellor and under Treasurer of the said King's Exchequer. The treasurer, benchers, &c. of these houses, and their assigns, for ever, for lodgings, reception, and education of the professors and students of the laws of this realm, yielding and paying to the said King and his successors, viz. for the mansion called the *Inner Temple*, 10l. yearly, and for the *Middle Temple*, 10l. yearly, at the Feasts of St. Michael and Annunciation of our Lady. As to the buildings: the first foundation of the church is uncertain; some say it was founded a place of sanctuary, by Dunwallo Mulumutius, a British King, about the year of the world 4748; but the best authors agree, that it was founded by the *Knights Templars*, in the year 1185, and dedicated to the 'Blessed Virgin.' In 1240, it was rededicated, being then, (as it is believed,) newly erected, and the structure, probably in substance, that which is now standing. In the church are monuments of the *Knights Templars*; the cross-legged ones denote those who made vows to go to the Holy Land, against the infidels, and the straight legged shew those that were not so bound; three of the crossed-legged ones were succeeding Earls of Pembroke, from 1219 to 1241. The church narrowly escaped the great fire of London, in 1666, but was afterwards repaired, and a new screen put up, when Sir Thos. Robinson was trea-

* The *Knights of St. John of Jerusalem*, went against the Turks, and took the Isle of Rhodes from them, but lost it in 1523, and finally settled in Malta.

suror of the Inner Temple, and Sir Francis Withens, treasurer of the Middle Temple. The hall is said to have been first erected in Edward the Third's reign. In 1554, or about this time, one Mr. Packington, treasurer, built Tanfield Court, so called from the chambers of Sir Lawrence Tanfield, chief baron being there, until which time it was known by the name of Packington's Court. The first treasurer of this house was appointed A. D. 1505; and the first reader, A. D. 1606. The badge of this society is the figure of a pegasus.

Middle Temple—Another of the inns of court, so called from the said Knight Templars, the founders of the house, and because it is situate in the middle, between the *Inner and Outer Temple*, which last was part of Essex Buildings. (Vide preceding account of Inner Temple.)

The first treasurer was appointed 16th Henry 7th, and the first reader in the 17th Henry 7th, or, A. D. 1501. (The office of reader has been discontinued upwards of a century.)

As to the buildings—the Cloister Chambers were consumed by fire, A. D. 1678; re-erected in 1681; part of the building between Brick and Essex Court was also burnt, and rebuilt, A. D. 1704.

The hall is ancient; it appears to have been well repaired in 1699. Their armorial ensigns are, *Argent on a Cross Gules, a Holy Lamb, &c.*

Lincoln's Inn—Also another of the inns of court, situate on the west side of Chancery Lane. In this place, Ralph Neville, Bishop of Chichester and Chancellor of England, built a house in the reign of Henry the Third, (as appears in the register of the house, vol. 6, fol. 361.) on ground which was given him by the king; and, after him, Richard de Wihts had his residence here; but, in the next age, it fell into the possession of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, whose inn or lodging, when in town, being here, gave it that name, which it has ever since retained; and he is said, about the year 1310, to have introduced the study of the law here; although leases have afterwards been let to the students by the Bishop of Chichester; Robert Sherborn, Bishop of that see, having conveyed it to one Syliard, a student of this house, for ninety-nine years; after which lease, Sampson, a succeeding Bishop of Chichester, did, by deed, dated July, 1536, pass the inheritance of the house and garden to the said William Syli-

ard, and Eustace, his brother; and Eustace surviving, his son Edward, by deed, 12th Nov. 1579, in consideration of 520l. conveyed to Richard Kingsmill, and the rest of the then bench, this house, garden, &c. in fee, and a fine was levied accordingly.

As to the buildings—The Hall was erected A. D. 1506; the great gate towards Chancery Lane, was finished 1518. In the year 1558, an order was passed for the building of a brick wall and gates, for the better inclosure of the inn, but it was not finished until about the year 1667, when also the chambers on the north side the quadrangle were erected, amounting to 415l. 11s. 11d. The chapel was finished, and consecrated A. D. 1623; Inigo Jones, the king's surveyor, estimating the charge at 2000l. raised by voluntary subscription of some, and a tax on other gentlemen. The west window contains several coats of arms; among which is that of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, from whom this inn had its name;—the arms are—*Or, a Lion Rampant Azure*. In the year 1663, the great terrace walk and wall, towards Lincoln's Inn Fields, were made, which cost about 1000l. A. D. 1697, Searl's Court was finished, the ground having been bought by Henry Searl, of this house, Esq. who began to build the same, but did not live to see it finished. The first reader of this house was appointed A. D. 1463, and the first governor (as he was then called) A. D. 1464; he went by the name of president in the 18th Elizabeth, and, lastly, treasurer.

This society has been honoured by several persons of very eminent learning, particularly Sir John Fortescue, Lord Chief Justice of England, William Lombard, and the learned antiquary, Sir Henry Spelman, admitted 1585.

The readers of this house (as those of the other three) have been discontinued many years; it arose from the serjeants being called before they had been readers (a thing not formerly done); also the revellings and controllers have been laid aside. Their armorial ensigns are (according to Dugdale) similar to those of the Earl of Lincoln, in the church before described.

We hoped to have concluded the Historical Account of the Inns of Court in the present number, but find ourselves under the necessity of extending it to another article.

E. S.

Original Poetry.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

THE THOUGHT FROM TOM JONES.

A COUNTRY lad, in warm debate,
On some great point or other,
Alledg'd, if *so and so* wer't case,
That *such and such* must follow.

By, at the time, a scholar sat,
Who saw the blunder made,
He (tho' 'twas throwing pearls 'fore swine)
Called classics to his aid.

'Th' conclusion that,' said he, 'you draw
Don't follow the premises,
A *non sequiter*, friend, it is,—
The other's choler rises.

His face, with rage and anger marked,
Assumed a fiery hue,
He loud exclaimed, 'Sir, I'm no more
A *sequiter* than you.' W. G.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL—my day of joy is o'er,
May ev'ry bliss be thine,—
And all on earth conspire to bless
A heart that once was mine.

Since first we pledg'd our mutual faith,
Tho' years have roll'd away,
Still do I love as at the first—
Still for thy welfare pray.

Oh! yes, tho' very false thou art,
I cannot wish thee ill;
Tho' I have lost my peace of mind,
May thine be with thee still.

For well I know it is not meet,
A lowly maid like me—
With naught but virtuous love and truth,—
Should be a bride to thee.

Yet when in far far distant lands,
Thou fairer forms shalt see,—
Oh! sometimes in thy happy hours,
Bestow a thought on me.

For spring may bloom and summer come,
They will not charm me long—
Soon in the dark and silent tomb
This form will rest from wrong. ELIZA.

SONG.

TUNE—'Believe me if all those endearing young charms.'

Oh! trust not, my Stella, thy Strephon's
bright eye,
It false as the mirror may prove,
Which reflects ev'ry fair form of whoe'er
passes by—
So faithless, so changeful is love.

Then, trust not, fair maiden, his false specious
brow,—
Oh! trust his soft whispers no more;
Tho' quiet and calm, love, old ocean sleeps now,
His billows to-morrow may roar.

Yet still, if thy bosom fast heave at his name,
If still at his absence repine,
No longer endeavour to smother a flame
Which glows with an ardour divine;
For nothing can conquer love's once welcomed
power,
Tho' long it may absent have been;—
So Venus, tho' lost 'mid the day's noon-tide hour,
Beams bright when night curtains the scene!
ALPHEUS.

TO ———

WHEN amid the night's darkness red lightnings
are flashing,
Transforming the gloom to the brightness of
day;
When the rain and the hail 'gainst our case-
ments are splashing,
And the loud thunders fill every heart with
dismay;
'Tis then,—'midst this awful convulsion of na-
ture,
We learn what a poor helpless being is
man;—
That the life and the strength of the noblest
creature,
Compared with the Deity, is but a span.
Yet, when the storm's hush'd, and the black
clouds are breaking,
And the far-distant murmur but faintly we
hear;
We hail the first dawn of the twilight awaking,
And calmness dispels every desperate fear.
As grateful survivors, escaped from the blast,
The thoughts of our mind roam with abso-
lute ease;
We look to the future, not grieve for the past,
And welcome the present, as token of peace.
E'en thus, dearest ***** the sky of our
wishes
By tumults afflictive of late has been torn;
Yet we, like the mariner who ne'er relin-
quishes
The last drifted plank, though a hope quite
forlorn,
Have clung to each other, 'midst woes all ap-
palling;
While thy love through adversity mounted
to air,
And saved the poor wretch, from his pinnacle
falling,
Who, but for thy succour, had sunk to de-
spair.
But, now that our most poignant grief has sub-
sided,
And now that our darkest forebodings are
o'er;
Let me yield my heart's thanks to that love
which presided,
That love, which from mine shall be parted
no more;
What, though the noon-blaze of our joy yet be
wanting,
And the beams which are rising, at present,
seem weak;
To fix on one hope, is a joy so enchanting,
'Tis a gladness to me, which no language
can speak.
February 21st, 1821. L.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Haynes's tragedy of *Conscience* was performed, for the fifth time, on Monday night, to a crowded audience, who paid it the just tribute of unqualified applause. an approbation the more legitimate and valuable, as it is obtained by the beauty of the language and the continued interest of the story, and not by any clap-traps or stage artifices. The tragedy was much better acted than on the first night. Mr. Wallack, in the character of Lorenzo, made a consi-

derable impression, and delivered several of the striking passages which abound in the part, with much effect. Mrs. West is not equal to the part of Elmira, but she was effective in many of the scenes, and elicited much applause. Indeed, it would require the talents of a Siddons or an O'Neil to do full justice to the character.

A new after-piece, in two acts, called *Mistification*, was produced at this theatre, on Saturday night. It consists of a series of unintelligible and unmeaning hoaxes, with as little humour and ingenuity as possible. The piece was favourably received, and ample justice done to it by Messrs. Cooper, Harley, Russell, Mrs. Edwin, Mrs. Orger, and Miss Povey, but their united talents will not be able to keep it long on the boards. Miss Povey had a pretty song, composed by Mr. T. Cooke, which was encored.

Oratorios.—The last oratorio for the present Lent, was performed on Wednesday night, to a most crowded and brilliant house. This is the last year of Sir George Smart's lease of the theatre, and the selection of Wednesday was well calculated to impress the audience with a lively sense of the loss that will be sustained in the retirement of this able and most liberal conductor. In addition to the rare combination of talent which had previously graced this house, we had, on this occasion, the gratification of hearing Angrisani and Ambrogetti, Miss Stephens, the Mademoiselles Corri, and Madame Vestris. A new ode, intitled *Peace*, in honour of the accession of his Majesty, the words by Mr. Bellchambers, the music by Bochsa, was produced, and accompanied by the composer's pupils, on the harps; it possesses considerable merit, both as to its poetry and the music, and was received with great applause. M. Toulou, from the French Academy of Music, performed, for the first time in this country, on the flute. His style is much more remarkable for its exquisite softness than its power,—a circumstance which contrasts him very favourably with Drouet, and would, no doubt, if we could hear them in concert, add to the reputation of each. M. Toulou is evidently a complete master of his instrument, and he met with a very favourable reception.—Lindley on the violincello, Griesbach on the oboe, Williams on the clarionet, and Puzzi on the horn, had each a part in the concert, and it is hardly necessary to say, gave entire satisfaction. We were sorry to find the fine talent

of Kieswetter thrown away on a part in a quartetto that is infinitely beneath him. Indeed, we suppose it might have been very well played by any performer in the orchestra.—There will be another selection on Whitsun Eve.

COVENT GARDEN.—We are told that man is an imitative being, but he certainly never became so much so as at the present day; when the principal merit of our farces is to be made to consist in mimicry. We thought the town had got weary of this, or that, at least, nothing but the superior excellence of Mathews would induce the public to tolerate it. But we are mistaken, and a new after-piece, in one act, called *London Stars*, which was produced at this theatre, owed its success (and it was successful) to Mr. Yates's imitations of all the principal performers of the metropolis, including Emery, in Tyke; Macready, in Virginius; Farnen, Braham, &c. The dialogue is below mediocrity, but these imitations, with the excellent acting of Blanchard, Connor, and Mrs. Davenport, carried the piece through triumphantly.

Literature and Science.

New Printing Press.—The foreign journals state, that Mr. Hellfarth, a printer, at Erfurt, has invented a press to print eight sheets at a time. This machine, which may be made of any size, supplies 7000 copies of each sheet in twelve hours, making 56,000 sheets printed on both sides. The machine is put in motion by one horse, and three men are sufficient to supply it with sheets and take them away. Each sheet perfects itself.

Magnetism.—Professor Hanstein, of Christiana, has announced that he has ascertained that every perpendicular object, of whatever materials,—for instance, a tree, the wall of a house, &c. has a magnetic north pole at the foot, and a south pole at the top.

Scarlet Fever.—It is announced in the *Journal de Medecine Pratique* of Berlin, that the *Belladonna* is a preservative against the scarlet fever. The fact was first discovered at Leipsic, but it has lately been confirmed by several experiments.

Geography.—Count Romanzow has fitted out two new expeditions from Russia. In one, the adventurers are to endeavour to travel along the solid ice on the coast of Tschutski, from Asia to America; the other, to ascend one of the rivers on the north-west coast, in order to penetrate the unknown

space which is between Icy Cape and Mackenzie's River.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

WE shall be happy to hear again from L. L. D. The communications of Julian, B. W., O. T., W. I., and B. A., have been received.

The Family Trunk, No VI., in our next.

The arguments of our Narberth correspondent, appear to us to have been anticipated in his former letter on the same subject.

'Kenilworth, or the Pageant of 1575,' has not sufficient general interest for insertion.

'The Parting' is under consideration.

C. P.—y puzzles us, for, with all our sagacity, we are unable to say how long an 'ignorant fool,' as he calls himself, would be in becoming well grounded in grammar, logic, mathematics, and Latin.

Errata, p. 205, c. 1, l. 28, for 'away' read 'way'; p. 220, c. 3, l. 22, for 'Mr.' read 'Matthew'; l. 45, for 'servientis' read 'servientes.'

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